

The Nebraska Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE.
VOLUME I. BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA COUNTY, N. T., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856. NUMBER 16.

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**JAMES W. GIBSON,
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**Wholesale and Retail Commission
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THOMAS GIBSON,
Is now receiving for sale, a large assortment of the
latest styles of **BOOTS, SHOES, &c.**
Also Leavitt's Corn Mill, adapted for grinding
meal or horse feed with two horses.
Also, a large lot of Half-bushel Measures, stamped.
Merchandise supplied on wholesale terms.

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**E. M. M'COMAS,
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AND OBSTETRICIAN.**
Two Miles from Brownville, on claim near Mr.
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citizens of Nemaha county.

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Corner Second and Morgan Streets,
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MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines and Bolt-
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YOUNG'S PATENT SHUT MACHINE. Well
tried, always successful, fully Guaranteed. Manu-
factured and for sale by
DOWDALL, CARR & CO.,
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**GREAT
Clothing Sale.**
WM. R. MARTIN, 1856, (C. C. MARTIN,
New York, St. Louis.
MARTIN & BROTHER,
THE OLD ORIGINAL CLOTHIERS,
No. 114 AND NO. 1 MAIN STREET,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

FOR the approaching spring, we will have a TRE-
MENDOUS STOCK OF CLOTHING, manufac-
tured by ourselves in New York, expressly for
down our price very low, as we intend selling to none
but
CASH AND PROMPT MEN.
To whom we would ask a thorough examination of
our stock before purchasing. MARTIN & BRO.
1856. SPRING SALES. 1856.

LOW PRICES TO CASH AND PROMPT TIME BUYERS.
**JOHN HALSALL,
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HAS for sale all the Spelling Books, Geographies,
Readers, Histories, Chemistry, Dictionaries,
Arithmetic, Philosophies, &c. now in use, together
with a large stock of Law, Medical and miscellaneous
books forming the most complete assortment to be
found in the city. Also, Writing paper, and Foreign
and Domestic stationery of the finest quality.—
Country merchants and others should not fail to call
at No. 120 Main st.

**M. W. RIDEN, J. D. WHITE,
RIDEN & WHITE,
LAND AGENTS.**
NEBRASKA CITY, N. T.

HAVING made arrangements by which we will
receive accurate copies of all the Township
containing in the Eastern portion of Nebraska, we
are now prepared to offer our services to the
"SCATTERERS OF THE TERRITORY."
In Filing Declaratory Statements of
Intention to Pre-empt, Securing
Pre-emptive Rights, Locating Land
WARRANTS, &c.

**ENTERING LAND.
LAND WARRANTS BOUGHT & SOLD.**
Land Entered on Time, &c.
Particular attention paid to Buying and Selling
Property on commission; also, to making Collections
and forwarding remittances to any part of the Union.
Banks of all kinds always on hand.
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REFERENCES:
Hon. A. A. Bradford, Nebraska City.
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Messrs. DeWitt & West, St. Joseph, Mo.
Peter A. Keller, Washington City.
Thomas Lumpkin, June 28, 1856, v1-n4

MORE MEN WANTED.
A FEW more active and energetic young men can
find immediate employment, by which they can
easily make \$500 to \$1000 a year, as act as agents for
several new and popular works, just published for
agents, and not for sale in book stores.
We have a great many agents employed, many of
whom are making from \$15 to \$20 per week. Those
who wish to engage in this pleasant and agreeable
business, will for particulars, requisites, &c. address
C. L. DERBY & CO.,
Publishers and Wholesale Booksellers.

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following, three insertions, and calling attention to
it, shall receive any three of the following works:
Life of Josephine, by Hendry, \$1.25
Life of Lafayette, " \$1.25
Life of Napoleon, " \$1.25
Wild Scenes of a Hunter's Life, \$1.00
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Any person wishing any of the above books, can
have them sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt
of the above retail price.

**ALBION PRATT, E. G. PRATT, E. W. FINE,
New York, G. W. CHILDS, S. C. HANSEN,
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**CHILD, PRATT & CO.,
Direct Importers, Jobbers and Manufacturers Agents
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English, French, German & American
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GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, &c., &c.
139 & 141 Main St., cor. Washington Avenue,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

**DAY & MTLACK, Wholesale Dealers
Dry Goods, No. 57 Pearl Street, between Wal-
nut and Vine, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Miscellaneous.

BEAUTY OF FRIENDSHIP.
Friendship inspires those who are
possessed by it. It is a perpetual fire,
kindling brave thoughts and noble
deeds. To deepen his friend's regard
for him a man strives to heighten his
merits and multiply his achievements.
Love adorns itself that it may win its
friend. One desires to appear beautiful,
heroic, wise, divine to his friend. To-
gether we can do what we should never
have dared, and endure what would
have crushed us alone.

"Our hands in one, we will not shrink
From life's severest day;
Our hands in one, we will not blink
That terrible and true;
What each would feel a stinging blow,
Falls on us both as autumn snow."

The fortifying and motive power of
friendship is varied, immense, and in-
exhaustible. It has strengthened
patriots to lay their lives on the altar
of freedom and their country. Its
glowing cord was around Tell, and
Furst, and Arnold, and their compeers
on the field of Grulli, when breast to
breast, in the shadow of the Swiss
Alps, swore to free the canton from
Austrian thralldom, or die together.
It has encouraged philosophers, poets,
artists, inventors, in their rejected
teachings and unappreciated labors.
The description, by his great disciple,
of the last moments of the poisoned
sage, in his prison, amid a group of
admiring friends, is an illustrative
picture, whose colors fade not in the
sun of Athens, and which the world
will never let perish. The public
career of the great-souled Gracchus
plainly owed its chief impulse to the
ardent, ever-animating friendship of
Caius Blossius. This communing en-
thusiasm still sustains the true and
good when evil days come and the per-
secutions of evil men prevail. Now
that the dark eyes of Hungary are
fall of tears, and the pale features of
Italy fixed in despair, and trouble sits
on the majestic visage of England,
and a usurper lords it in the Tuilleries,
its electric chain, drawn by a common
cause around Kossuth, Mazzini, Hugo,
and their brother exiles—a connecting
link fastened to each heart—vibrates
shocks of light and strength into their
bosoms. It has ever been—while
humanity remains in man it ever will
be—companionship to the captive,
wealth to the poor, impulse to the
struggling, support to the suffering,
solace to the wretched, joy to the pro-
sperous, and to all who deeply know
it, an inspiring presence through life,
and in death a hope full of immortality.

But before all subordinate calcula-
tions of service the instinctive, primary
use and worth of friendship are in the
spontaneous royalty and delights of
its own prerogative and fruit. We
prize our friend last for what he does
for us, first for what he is to us. Darius,
holding an open pomegranate in his
hand, and being asked what it was of
which he would wish a number equal
to the seeds thereof, replied by glance-
ing at the favorite who leaned against
the throne, and pronouncing the plural
of his name, "Zopyruses." Zopyrus
succeeded in taking the hostile city of
Babylon for his master, but was wound-
ed and badly disfigured in the enter-
prise. Darius said, "I would not have
had Zopyrus maimed to gain a hun-
dred Babylons." While friendship is
valuable for its offices, let us not forget
that it is invaluable for itself. It is
the choicest exercise of our best
powers. After all is said, "a friend is
the masterpiece of nature," and en-
joyment of him the chief ingredient
in the purest happiness of the world.
How often have we felt that our days
would be filled and run over with un-
speaking peace and satisfaction, if we
could but realize as complete a friend-
ship as we dreamed of in the reveries
of the heart, and languished for when
listening, aloft, in the wizard sphere
of music! Is it not so with all? Can
not every one sympathize with the
spirit of the young Arat's reply to
King Cyrus? His horse had won the
victory for him in a great race, and
Cyrus asked if he would sell him for a
kingdom. The youth, fondly stroking
the beloved barb's neck with his cheek,
answered, "No, but I would give him
with all my heart to find a true friend."
Though we were in paradise, yet it
were not good to be there deserted and
alone. As some one has said, in criti-
cism of Zimmerman, even in those
peculiar seasons when solitude is sweet,
"still let me have a friend to whom I
may say, 'Solitude is sweet.'"—*North
American Review for July.*

In life we shall find many men that
are great, and some men that are good;
but few that are both great and good.
—*Colton.*

Domesticity is the tap-root which en-
ables the nation to branch wide and high.

LET GO ALL THE ANCHORS.

There are some very good people
who will not sustain this or that be-
nevolent enterprise of the Church, be-
cause they regard it as less important
than some other. They will not do
anything for foreign missions, because
they think our own country should
first be evangelized. They will not
sustain church extension, because they
deem the education of the ministry a
paramount duty. They withhold sup-
port from the superannuated servants
of God, because they imagine it will
do more good to scatter abroad tracts
and books.

Such Christians would do well to
imitate the skillful mariner, whose ship
the fierce winds are dashing on a lee-
shore. He lets go all his anchors. If
the keedge will not hold the best bower
may. If both these fail the sheet-
anchor may arrest the drifting vessel.
If no one of these alone will suffice
they altogether may save his life. So
it is with the benevolent enterprises
of our Church. They are all needed.
They brace and stay each other in
the great work of arming souls drift-
ing to ruin, and anchoring them safe
by the throne of God. Each may be
instrumental in saving some who would
be lost if it were wanting. Every
church edifice erected tends to raise
up missionaries and colporteurs and
theological students. Every church
freed from debt is enabled to contrib-
ute more liberally for the support of
all that is good.

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN.
At East Manville, on Grand river,
some twenty miles below Grand Rapids,
Michigan, lives a family by the name
of Hopkins, and here, in the posses-
sion of an aged lady, niece of General
Ethan Allen, is his sword.

Aware, says our informant, who saw
it two years since, that the leaders of
the revolutionary struggle were often
selected for their weight and metal, as
well as other military accomplishments,
we were not surprised to find their
arms of a similar temper. The sword
in question was without ornament, and
might be a hundred years old by its
appearance; very heavy, with an iron
hilt, on which is engraved in rude
characters, as if cut with a jack knife,
the name "Ethan Allen"; the blade,
long, straight and single-edged, in the
style of the Damascus steel.

Though the strong rust spots were
proof that a long term of peace is un-
congenial to weapons of war, this
relic of the olden time seemed to
possess in pent-up silence all the fire
that flashed from its surface when
waving in triumph over the gates of
Ticonderoga.

One of our company intimated to
the owner that if fifty dollars would
be any object, he would like to present
the sword to his father, an early friend
and adviser of Gen. Allen, with the
assurance that it should descend, an
heirloom of great value, through suc-
cessive generations.

The lady, casting a glance at the
huge logs of which the house was
built, with a flash of the eye said to
be peculiar to the General and his
family, quietly remarked: "There are
some things in this house that money
will not purchase—this is one of them."

**CAPTAIN PRIEST ON THE "VEGETABLE
KINGDOM."**

The term vegetable—sometimes pro-
nounced vegetable—is probably de-
rived from the peculiar long and pointed
form of this description of esculents,
hence originally called wedgeables,
then vegetables, and now refined into
the present term.

Annual flowering plants resemble
whales, as they come up to blow.
Flowers are very warlike in their
disposition, and are ever armed with
pistils.

As the human family, the lower
portion of all plants are radicles.
They are migratory in their habits,
for wherever they may winter, they are
sure to leave in the spring; most of
them very polite and full of bows.
Like dandies, the coating of many
trees is their most valuable portion.
Cork trees and boot trees for instance.

Grain and seeds are not considered
dangerous except when about to shoot.
Several trees, like watch dogs, are
valued mostly for their bark.

A little bark will make a rope, but
it takes a large pile of wood to make
a cord.

Though there are no vegetable beans,
there are a number of spruce trees.
Most trees are respectable, but a
variety of locusses may be found among
them.

It is considered only right and prop-
er to ax trees before you fell them.
Fruit trees have military character-
istics; when young they are trained;
they have many kernels; and their
shoots are straight.

Grain must be treated like infants;
when the head bends it must be cradled;
and thrashing is resorted to, to fit it
for use.

Tares are most found with the smaller
grains—which require sowing.
Great indulgence in fruit is danger-
ous—and too free a use of melons pro-
duces a meloncolic effect.

Old maids are fond of pairs—but
cannot endure any reference to dates.
Sailors are attached to bays; oyster-
men to beaches; love-sick maidens, to
pine.—*Yankee Notions.*

PATIENCE WITH CHILDREN.
One of the requisites for the suc-
cessful training of children at home,
or in the school-room, is "patience."
Every teacher, whether the mother or
a hireling, will find her labors made
easy by the constant exercise of this
cardinal virtue. If they "let patience
have its perfect work" in their own
hearts, it will be visible in all their
conduct, and exert a salutary influence
upon the minds of the young, in whose
future well-being they feel a deep
interest.

There may be hours when, perplexed
with care and worn out with undue
labor, the mother may feel the risings
of impatience in her heart; but nip it
in the bud, before the fruits become
visible in acts of which she may after-
ward bitterly repent. Let no unkind
word or hasty blow be given in anger,
lest the remembrance of it should prove
a poisoned arrow to their bleeding
heart, when those loving eyes are
closed in death, and the head which
nestles on her bosom is pillowed in the
grave. Children are won by kind
words; but cross looks and harsh tones
deter them from seeking our sympathy
or giving us their confidence. The
mother or teacher should regard the
sports of childhood as a blessing, join
in their innocent amusements, and
draw from thence some useful lesson
for their future consideration. They
should learn to look up to her as a
friend in whom they could confide,
who will bear patiently with their
childish follies, and in kindness seek
to improve whatever may be amiss in
their manners or morals.

But should they turn a deaf ear to
her teachings, and scorn her instruc-
tions, seeming inclined to follow the
evil promptings of a sinful and perverse
heart, she has then need of a double
portion of patience to support her in
this great trial, and enable her at last
to "overcome evil with good," and
bring them, by the force of precept
and example, to walk in wisdom's
pleasant ways. Be kind, be firm and
patient, and hope on till the desired
result is obtained.

MOSSES ON ROCKS.
I never had time to examine and
throw into classes the varieties of the
mosses which grow on the two kinds
of rock, nor have I been able to ascer-
tain whether there are really numerous
differences between the species, or
whether they only grow more luxuri-
antly on the crystallines than on the
coherents. But this is certain, that
on the broken rocks of the foreground
in the crystalline groups, the mosses
seem to set themselves consentfully
and deliberately to the task of pro-
ducing the most exquisite harmonies
of color in their power. They will
not conceal the form of the rock, but
will gather over it in little brown
mosses, like small cushions of velvet
made of mixed threads of dark ruby
silk and gold, rounded over more sub-
dane films of white and gray, with
lightly-crisped and curled edges like
hoar-frost or fallen leaves, and minute
clusters of upright orange stalks with
pointed caps, and fibers of deep green
and gold and faint purple passing into
black all woven together, and follow-
ing with unimagined fineness of
gentle growth the undulation of the
stone they cherish, till it is charged
with color so that it can receive no
more; and instead of looking ragged
or cold or stern, as any thing that a
rock is held to be at heart, it seems to
be clothed with a soft, dark leopard
skin, embroidered with arabesque of
purple and silver. But in the lower
ranges this is not so. The mosses
grow in more independent spots, not
in such a clinging and tender way over
the whole surface; the lichens are far
poorer and fewer; and the color of the
stone is seen more frequently; altered,
if at all, only a little chiller gray than
when it is freshly broken.—*Ruskin's
"Modern Painters," Vol. IV.*

WHAT CAN ONE DO?
As the figure one is to the ciphers,
few or many, which range after it, so
is the hero, the saint, the poet, the
prophet, and the sage, to their species.
One man enters, thirty-four years ago,
the western metropolis of Scotland,

sits quietly down in a plain house in
the north-west suburbs, and writes
sermons, which speedily change his
pulpit into a battery, and menace
every Sabbath by a moral shan-
der-storm. Private as penitence comes
another, five years later, into London,
and his wild cry, lonely, at first, as
that of John's in the desert, at last
startles the press, the Parliament, the
country without, the throne within, and
it is felt that one man has conquered
the two millions. Nay, was there not,
two thousand years ago, from an
obscure mount in Galilee, heard a
voice, saying, "Blessed are the poor
in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of
heaven?" And has not that voice,
though clouded by opposition, choked
in blood, crushed under the gravestone,
at length commanded the attention, if
not yet the obedience, of the world?
Let no one say in despair, "I am but
one;" in his unity, as in the unity of a
sword, lies his might—if his metal be
true, his singleness is strength—he
may be multiplied, indeed, but he can
not be divided. Minorities, and minor-
ities of one, generally do the real
work of mankind.—*Bards of the Bible.*

YOUTH WASTED.
When Coleridge, in his younger days,
was offered a share in the well-known
London Journal, by which he could
have made two thousand pounds a year,
provided he would devote his time
seriously to their interest, he declined,
making the reply, so often praised for
its disinterestedness, "I will not give
up the country and the lazy reading of
old folios for two thousand times two
thousand pounds. In short, beyond
three hundred and fifty pounds a year,
I consider money a real evil." . . .
"Iazy reading of folios" led to laziness,
the indolent gratification of mind and
sense. Degenerating into an opium
eater, and a mere purposeless theorizer,
Coleridge wasted time, talents, and
health; came to depend, in old age,
on the charity of others; and died, at
last, with every one regretting—even
his friends—that he had done nothing
worthy of his genius. The world is
full of men having Coleridge's faults,
without Coleridge's abilities; men who
can not, or will not, set beyond the
present; who are too lazy to work for
more than a temporary subsistence;
and who squander, in pleasure or idlen-
ess, energy and health which ought
to lay up a capital for old age. Most
persons, whose guilty of this neglect,
instead of asserting, as they think,
their independence, only betray how
strong a hold indolence or sensual
gratification has upon them. Better,
far better, had Coleridge worked when
he was young, than lived to be what
he became, a dependent, if not a
beggar.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE ANNUAL AMOUNT OF HEAT.
It is a remarkable fact, that countries
lying within the same degrees of
latitude differ greatly in the ranges
of their temperature. On the west
coast of Europe the winters are com-
paratively warm and the summers
equally cool, while on the eastern
coasts of America the reverse of this
is true. Thus, in countries lying 16
degrees further north in western
Europe than New York, the average
temperature in January is 30 degrees,
and that of July 60 degrees—a range
of only 30 degrees. In New York the
range of variation often amounts to
nearly 100 degrees.

In January last, the thermometer,
in New York, stood from 5 to 7 degrees
below zero, for some days; while it
ranged from 95 to 98 degrees above
it, for some days last week. But
although the ranges of temperature
differ greatly in different countries, the
actual amount of heat, annually, is
according to the position of countries
in relation of the poles of the equator.

In Europe, by long observation, it
has been found that the mean temper-
ature of a place remains nearly the
same. The winter may be unusually
cold, and the summer unusually hot,
while the mean temperature has not
varied one degree; a very cold winter
is generally succeeded by a very warm
summer, and *vice versa*. This has also
been found to be the case with our
climate—the relative distribution of
heat over summer and winter under-
goes comparatively small variations.
A cold winter is generally succeeded
by a warm summer. We have noticed
an exception, and only one, to this
rule; that was the summer of 1836,
which was wet and cold, and succeed-
ed a very long and cold winter. This
was accounted for by three very large
dark spots on the sun's disk, which
were seen distinctly with the naked
eye for at least an entire week.

"I say, Mr. Printer, do you take In-
diana money?" "En—o." "What's
the reason?" "Can't get it!"—Inter-
rogator mizzled.

Scraps.

A western poet, says the *Knicker-
bocker*, composed the following in just
one hour by a Connecticut clock.—
There can be no danger while there is
so much "spirit" in the country:
What! thus this glorious Union up,
An' go to draw'n' triggers,
Just for a thunderin' parcel of
Emancipated niggers?
The eagle of America,
That flew across the seas,
An' thrummed the bloody, British lion
Ker-slump upon her knees,
Say shall we read him lim' from lim'
Wan wing wun way, an' wun thoder,
And every sepperit pin feather,
A flyin' at the other?
It can't be did!

A person who tries to raise himself
by scandelizing others, might as well
sit down on a wheelbarrow, and try to
wheel himself.

Why is the common sense of pro-
fane young men like the waste-water
of mill-ponds? Because it escapes
through their damns.

How youth makes its wishes hopes,
and its hopes certainties! Hope is the
prophet of youth. Young eyes always
look forward.

An editor out West boasts that he
had a talk with a woman and got the
last word.

Idleness.—What is it? A public
mint, where various kinds of mischief
are coined and extensively circulated
among the most despicable of the human
race.

Sincerity.—Sincerity is to speak
as we think, to do as pretend and pro-
fess, to perform and make good what
we promise, and really to be what we
would seem and appear to be.

Pleasure.—Whenever we drink too
deeply of pleasure, we find a sediment
at the bottom which pollutes and em-
bitters what we realized at first.

"Julius, was you ever in business?"
"In course I was." "What business?"
"A sugar planter." "When was dat,
my colored friend?" "Der day I buried
dat old sweetheart of mine."

An old author quaintly remarks:—
"Avoid arguments with ladies. In
spinning yarns among silks and satins
a man is sure to be worsted and twisted,
he may consider himself wound up."

It is stated that there is at Saratoga
a fine looking Indian girl, only fourteen
years of age, who has a child three
years old. There's "Young America"
—*native, too!*

A Schenectady editor, describing
the effects of a squall upon a canal
boat, says, "when the gale was at its
highest, the unfortunate craft heeled
to leeward, and the captain and another
cask of whisky rolled overboard."

The man who, when there is a do-
mestic storm, steps in between man
and wife, is as bad as he who, when it
is raining violently, walks between
two dripping umbrellas, for he gets
protected neither by the one nor the
other, but on the contrary catches it
from both sides.

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.—Friend—
What on earth is the matter with you,
Jack? "Jack—Why, darn it, there's a
new girl come out, with twenty thou-
sand a year, and I went yesterday,
like a fool, and engaged myself to
Fanny, who's got only fifteen thousand."

EPIDEMIC AMONG SILK WORMS.—The
Ecdella Borsia of Milan, says that the
epidemic which has raged among the
silk worms this year, in Lombardy, has
caused a loss to that province of thirty
millions francs.

A gentleman observed to a lady, that
a mutual friend, since a late illness,
had spoken like a puppy. "No doubt
of it," she replied, "for his physician
has since ordered him to bark three
times a day."

A traveler in a rather slow coach,
enquired of his next neighbor its name,
who replied, "I think, sir, it is called
the Regulator, for I observe all other
coaches go by it."

A nabob in a severe fit of the gout,
told his physician that he suffered the
pains of the damned. The doctor
coolly answered, "What, already?"

Two girls of fashion entered an
assembly-room, at the moment a citi-
zen's fat wife was just quitting it.—
"Oh," said one of them, "there's beef
a-la mode going out." "Yes," said
the fat lady, "and game coming in."

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
In this trade more cheats and lying
are used in selling, than in buying.
But in the great, more unjust dealing
is used in buying, than in selling.